

MARVEL
COMICS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!



AUG
#366



DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE:
A BOLD NEW
ERA IN DD'S
LIFE!

AND HE'S GOT
NOTHING TO
FEAR...

KELLY
COLAN
WILLIAMSON

Featuring
YOUR NEW GUIDE
to the **MARVEL**
UNIVERSE!



...BUT FEAR
HIMSELF!



NEW YORK CITY.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

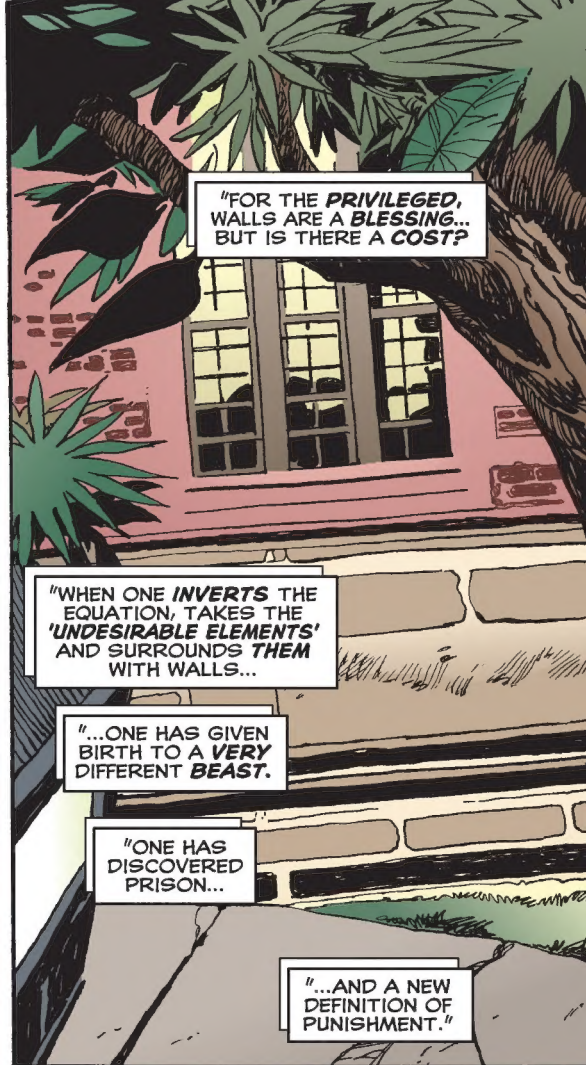
"WALLS.

"SEPARATION.
PROTECTION.
CONFINEMENT.



"HERE, IN OUR... **ESTEEMED**
INSTITUTION, WALLS ALLOW
YOU THE **FREEDOM** TO PURSUE
INTELLECTUAL ENDEAVORS...

"...WHILE **PROTECTING**
YOU FROM THE FILTH,
CRIME AND INEQUITIES
OF THE **CRUEL WORLD**
MERE FEET BEYOND.



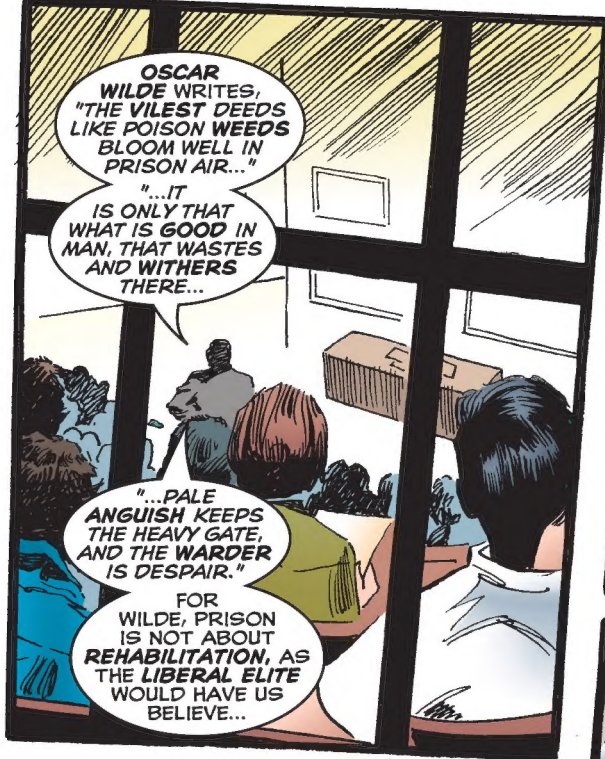
"FOR THE **PRIVILEGED**,
WALLS ARE A **BLESSING**...
BUT IS THERE A **COST**?

"WHEN ONE **INVERTS** THE
EQUATION, TAKES THE
'**UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS**'
AND SURROUNDS THEM
WITH WALLS...

"...ONE HAS GIVEN
BIRTH TO A **VERY**
DIFFERENT **BEAST**.

"ONE HAS
DISCOVERED
PRISON...

"...AND A NEW
DEFINITION OF
PUNISHMENT."



OSCAR WILDE WRITES, "THE VILEST DEEDS LIKE POISON WEEDS BLOOM WELL IN PRISON AIR..."

"...IT IS ONLY THAT WHAT IS GOOD IN MAN, THAT WASTES AND WITHERS THERE..."

"...PALE ANGUISH KEEPS THE HEAVY GATE, AND THE WARDER IS DESPAIR."

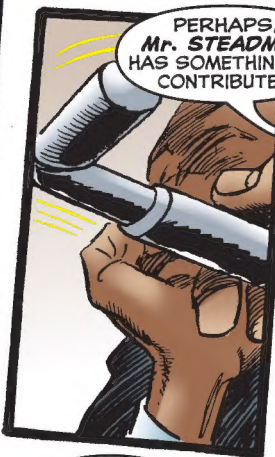
FOR WILDE, PRISON IS NOT ABOUT REHABILITATION, AS THE LIBERAL ELITE WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE...



...BUT RATHER SIMPLE, RUTHLESS, BARBARIC DEHUMANIZATION.



THOUGHTS, CLASS?



PERHAPS, Mr. STEADMAN HAS SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE...



FWIPP

ZZZNGURK?!



I -- OH MAN... I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR. LATE NIGHT IN THE LIBRARY... I --

MY HEART BLEEDS.

YOUR THOUGHTS ON PRISON, Mr. STEADMAN... NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN JOSTLED LOOSE.

IT SEEMS SELF-EVIDENT TO ME, SIR, THAT PRISON SHOULD BE A MISERABLE PLACE. IF NOT, WHAT'S THE POINT?



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF REHABILITATION? HOW CAN ONE HOPE TO ENCOURAGE REBIRTH...

...IN A PLACE WHICH HASTENS THE DEATH OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT?

WELL SIR... I KNOW IT'S NOT A POPULAR OPINION TODAY... BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT PRISON IS THE PLACE FOR REHABILITATION.

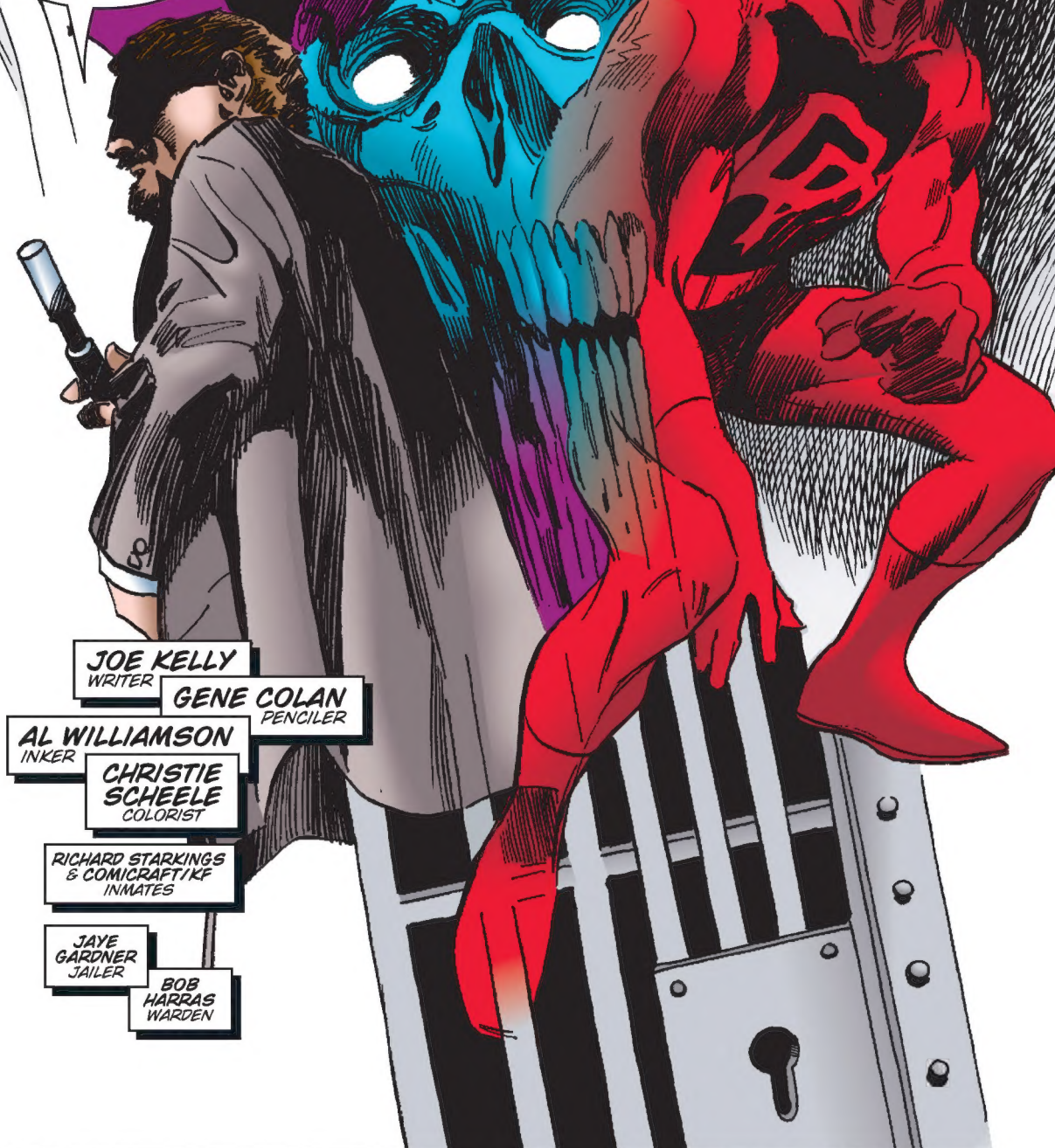
IT'S A PLACE TO PUNISH THE UNJUST, PURE AND SIMPLE, AND FEAR OF THAT PUNISHMENT SHOULD PROVE TO BE A DETERRENT.



PRISON WITHOUT WALLS

PUNISHMENT...
PURE AND SIMPLE...
COUPLED WITH
FEAR...

...I
DO BELIEVE
THAT YOU'RE ON TO
SOMETHING, MR.
STEADMAN.



JOE KELLY
WRITER

GENE COLAN
PENCILER

AL WILLIAMSON
INKER

**CHRISTIE
SCHEELE**
COLORIST

**RICHARD STARKINGS
& COMICRAFT/KF**
INMATES

**JAYE
GARDNER**
JAILER

**BOB
HARRAS**
WARDEN

UNLIKE **MOST** COMMUTERS, I
USUALLY **ENJOY** THE MORNING
RUSH IN **NEW YORK CITY**.

SWINGING HIGH OVER THE
BUMPER-TO-BUMPER SOUP,
JUST ABOVE THE PERPETUAL
VEIL OF FUMES...

I'M TREATED TO A **UNIQUE**
SERENADE OF SQUEALING
HORNS, SCREECHING BRAKES
AND **WELL INTENDED** SWEAR
WORDS...

...WITH JUST A HINT OF HOWARD
STERN **RHAPSODIZING** IN THE
BACKGROUND. IN A TWISTED WAY,
IT'S **BEAUTIFUL**... REALLY...

...WELL, IT IS FROM TWENTY
STORIES UP. AT GROUND
LEVEL... THE WHOLE THING
SORT OF LOSES ITS CHARM.

SHEE-OOT!
WILL YOU LOOKIT
THAT!

HURRY,
BEFORE HE GETS
A **CRAMP** AN'
LEAVES...

I'M
WAITIN' FOR
THE **FLASH**,
SEYMOUR!

I REALLY REALLY **REALLY**
HOPE **SPIDEY** DOESN'T
CATCH WIND OF THIS...

...IF HE DOES, I'LL **NEVER**
HEAR THE END OF IT. BUS
JOKES FOR MONTHS...

ALTHOUGH, I BET EVEN
HE COULD APPRECIATE
THE **IRONY** OF A **BLIND**
GUY SURFING CROSS
TOWN ON TOP OF A
SIGHTSEEING BUS.

THEN AGAIN, IT'D
PROBABLY GO OVER
HIS WEBBED HEAD.

WAIT!
LEMMIE GIT IN
THERE WITH HIM!
BOYS IN MY RIFLE
CLUB'LL **LOVE**
THIS!

BUT ALL KIDDING ASIDE,
WHAT BETTER WAY IS
THERE TO CROSS TOWN...

WHEN ONE
FINDS ONE'S
SELF **MISSING**
ONE'S BILLY
CLUB AND
GRAPPLING
LINE? Huh?

I MEAN, WE CAN'T ALL SHOOT **WEBS**
LIKE SOME CRAWLING BUG --

COME ON! WHILE
HE'S NOT
LOOKIN'!

I'M
GOING OUT
ON A LIMB
HERE...**OUT-OF-
TOWNERS,**
RIGHT?

LAN' SAKES!
HE **TALKS!** SAY
CHEESE,
DEVIL-MAN!

VREET

Oh,
COME ON!
"CHEESE"
IS SO,
CLICHE!

HOW 'BOUT
SOMETHING
A LITTLE MORE
APPROPOS?
SOMETHING
LIKE...

"UP,
UP, AND
AWAY!"

NO, THAT
WON'T DO
AT ALL... TOO
DERIVATIVE...

PERHAPS
IN HONOR OF
YOUR TRIP TO
THE **BIG APPLE,**
I SHOULD
RATTLE OFF A
BROADWAY
SHOW TUNE?

I GOT
HIM, SEYMOUR!
I GOT A PICTURE
OF **DEVIL-
MAN!**

WOW...

WOW, INDEED,
MISS... HAVE YOU
EVER CONSIDERED
A CAREER IN NEWS
PHOTOGRAPHY..?

DINER

SO THEN WHAT?

THAT WAS HER LAST SHOT ON THE ROLL. SEYMOUR ALMOST **DISLOCATED** HIS FINGERS TRYING TO **RELOAD** THE CAMERA...

I SAID I COULDN'T HANG AROUND, BUT I GAVE HER A LITTLE PECK ON THE CHEEK TO REMEMBER ME BY.

SEYMOUR WAS **FURIOUS**.

OH, YOU'RE **BAD, MURDOCK...** HOMEWRECKING SO EARLY IN THE MORNING. I'M **APPALLED**.

APPALLED? SURE YOU DON'T MEAN **JEALOUS, KAREN?**

HA/ SOME MIDWESTERN MAVEN WANTS DAREDEVIL...

...SHE CAN HAVE **HIM**, HIS **BRUISES**, AND HIS **SMELLY RED LONG-JOHN'S!**

SO LONG AS SHE KEEPS HER MITTS OFF OF **MY LAWYER**.

SEE, IT SAYS RIGHT HERE, PROPERTY OF **KAREN PAGE**. SO THERE.

I WONDER IF THAT'S A **LEGALLY BINDING** DOCUMENT...

Oh, **YOU --**

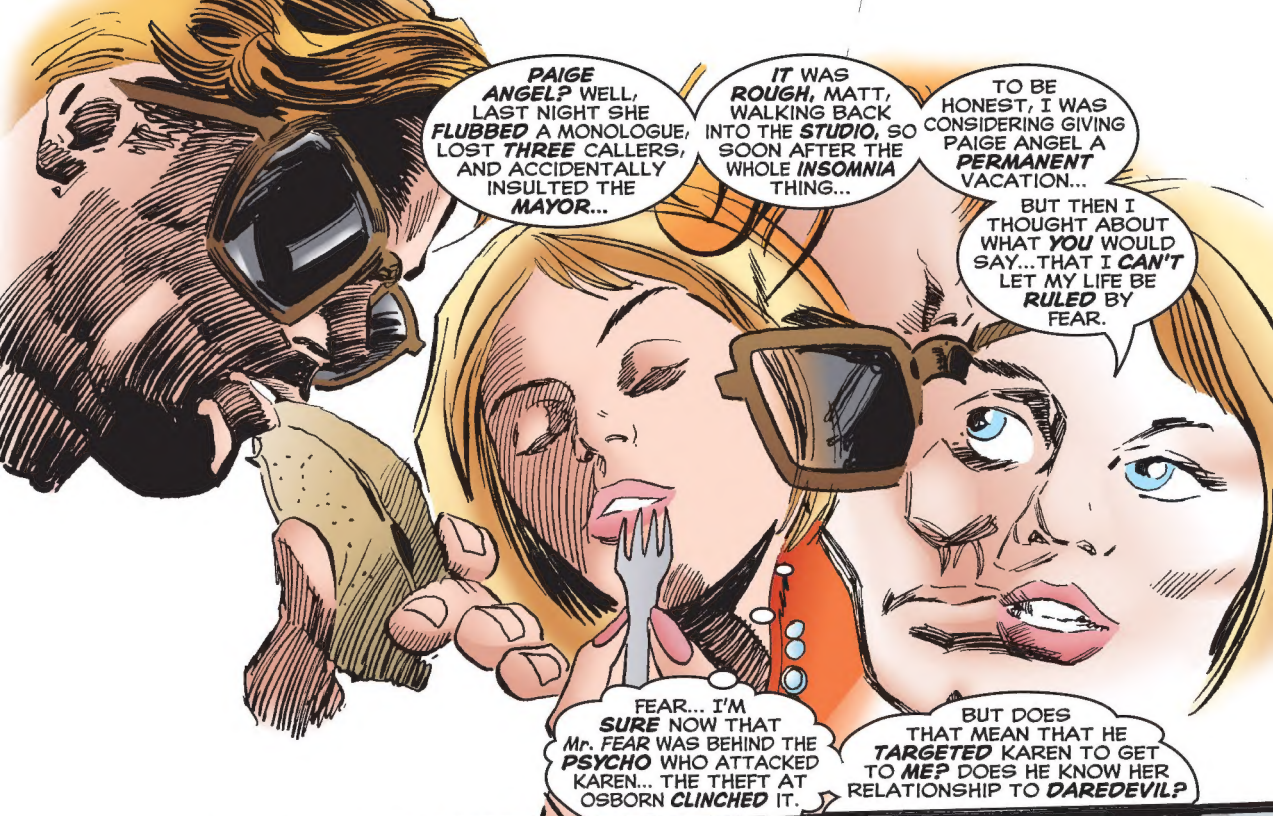
HOLD THAT THOUGHT, HERE COMES BREAKFAST.

SHOWOFF. SHE WASN'T EVEN OUT OF THE KITCHEN YET. HOW COULD YOU TELL THAT WAS **OUR** FOOD?

EVEN WITHOUT **HYPER-SENSES**, THE SMELL OF A **JELLY AND PEPPER OMELET** IS TOUGH TO MISS... YECCH.

YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY, COUNSELOR, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE **FRIED** IT.

SO, ENOUGH ABOUT **MY** ALTER EGO... HOW ABOUT **YOURS?**



PAIGE ANGEL? WELL, LAST NIGHT SHE FLUBBED A MONOLOGUE, LOST **THREE** CALLERS, AND ACCIDENTALLY INSULTED THE **MAYOR**...

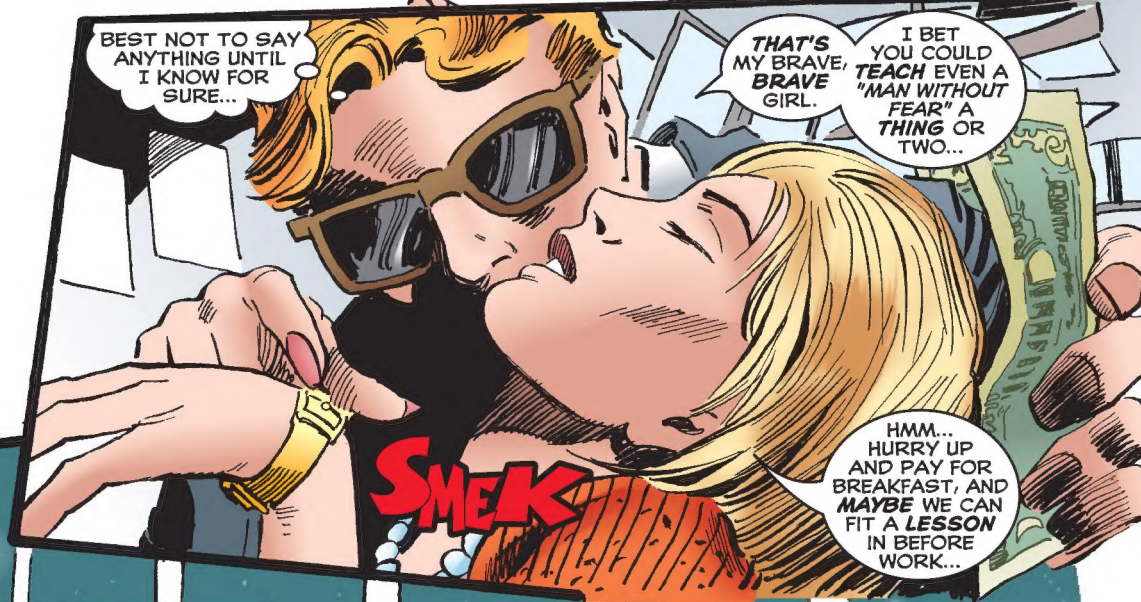
IT WAS **ROUGH**, MATT, WALKING BACK INTO THE **STUDIO**, SO SOON AFTER THE WHOLE **INSOMNIA** THING...

TO BE HONEST, I WAS CONSIDERING GIVING PAIGE ANGEL A **PERMANENT** VACATION...

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT **YOU** WOULD SAY... THAT I **CAN'T** LET MY LIFE BE **RULED** BY FEAR.

FEAR... I'M **SURE** NOW THAT Mr. FEAR WAS BEHIND THE **PSYCHO** WHO ATTACKED KAREN... THE THEFT AT OSBORN **CLINCHED** IT.

BUT DOES THAT MEAN THAT HE **TARGETED** KAREN TO GET TO **ME**? DOES HE KNOW HER RELATIONSHIP TO **DAREDEVIL**?



BEST NOT TO SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I KNOW FOR **SURE**...

THAT'S MY BRAVE, BRAVE GIRL.

I BET YOU COULD **TEACH** EVEN A "MAN WITHOUT FEAR" A **THING** OR TWO...

HMM... HURRY UP AND PAY FOR BREAKFAST, AND **MAYBE** WE CAN FIT A **LESSON** IN BEFORE WORK...

SNEK

MEANWHILE, A WORLD AWAY... IN THE EAST RIVER...

BEHIND SOME VERY SERIOUS WALLS...

ALL IS QUIET ON
RIKER'S ISLAND.

THIS IS NOT A
GOOD THING.

YES, THERE IS STILL
NOISE. FOOTSTEPS
ECHO... THE PHYSICAL
PLANT STILL HUMS...

...AND THERE IS A SENSE
OF BREATHING, LIKE WHITE
NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND,
A CONTINUOUS MURMUR...

BUT NO ONE
REALLY SPEAKS.
YELLS. FIGHTS.

THE AIR IS THICK
WITH SILENCE, AND
THE OLD-TIMERS...
THEY KNOW BEST...

...THAT SILENCE
MEANS THOUGHT.

THOUGHT MEANS
PLANNING...

...PLANS MEAN
VICTIMS.

...AND HERE, IN
A PLACE WHERE
DESPERATION
GIVES BIRTH TO
MOTIVATION...

Please Deliver
To
Nathew Murdock
Lawyer
URGENT

BLACK 7

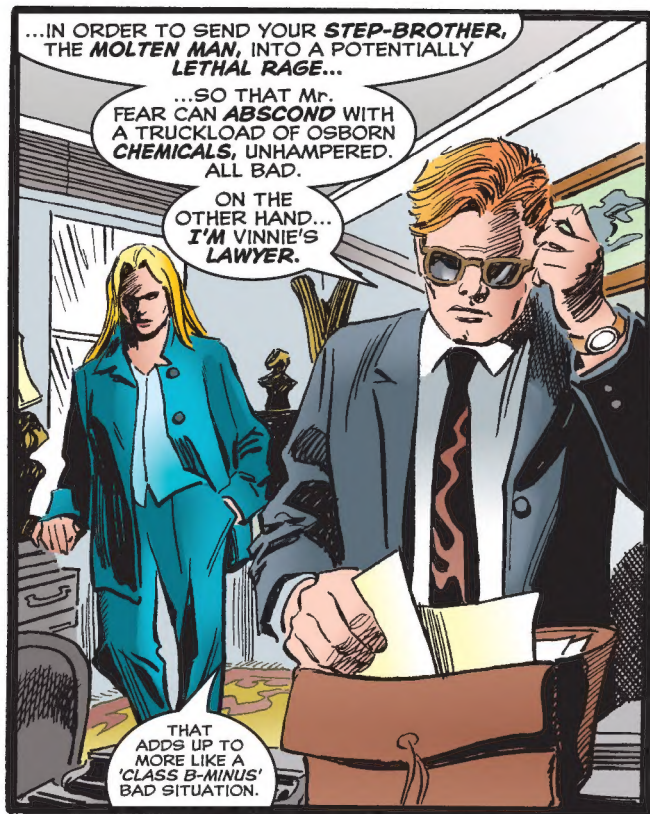


MEANWHILE, AS RAIN BEGINS TO FALL OUTSIDE OF THE SWANKY MIDTOWN LAW OFFICES OF SHARPE, NELSON, AND MURDOCK...

LEGALLY SPEAKING, THIS IS A 'CLASS A' BAD SITUATION, ISN'T IT, MATT?

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, LIZ. ON THE ONE HAND...

...WE HAVE VINCENT GRAZIA, EX-CON, WHO CONFESSES TO ATTACKING A ROOM FULL OF EXECUTIVES WITH FEAR GAS...

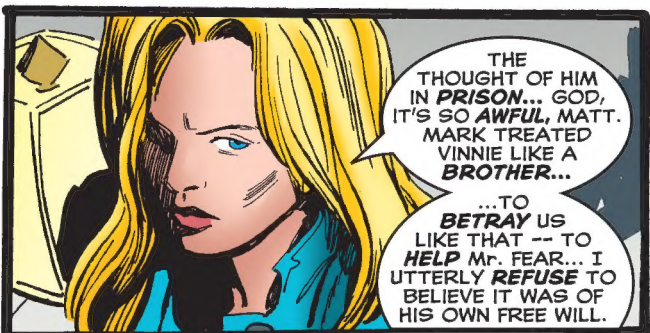


...IN ORDER TO SEND YOUR STEP-BROTHER, THE **MOLTEN MAN**, INTO A POTENTIALLY **LETHAL RAGE**...

...SO THAT MR. FEAR CAN **ABSCOND** WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF OSBORN **CHEMICALS**, UNHAMPERED. ALL BAD.

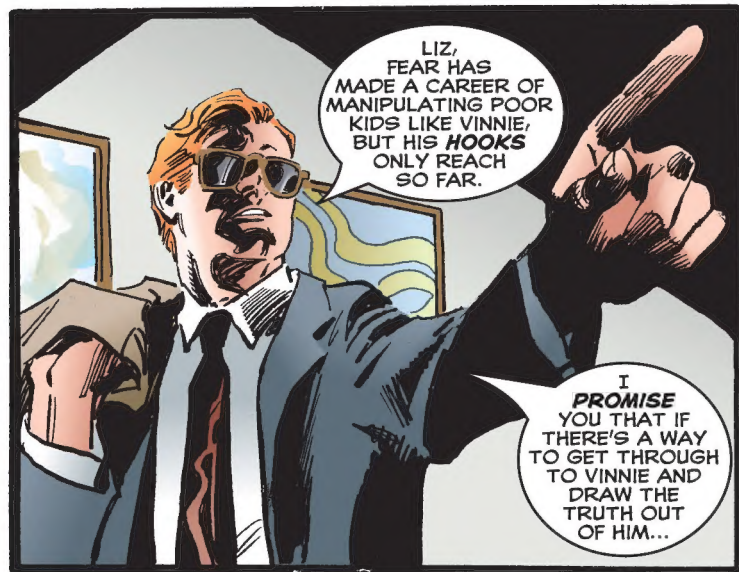
ON THE OTHER HAND... I'M VINNIE'S **LAWYER**.

THAT ADDS UP TO MORE LIKE A 'CLASS B-MINUS' BAD SITUATION.



THE THOUGHT OF HIM IN **PRISON**... GOD, IT'S SO **AWFUL**, MATT. MARK TREATED VINNIE LIKE A **BROTHER**...

...TO **BETRAY** US LIKE THAT -- TO **HELP** Mr. FEAR... I **UTTERLY REFUSE** TO BELIEVE IT WAS OF HIS OWN FREE WILL.



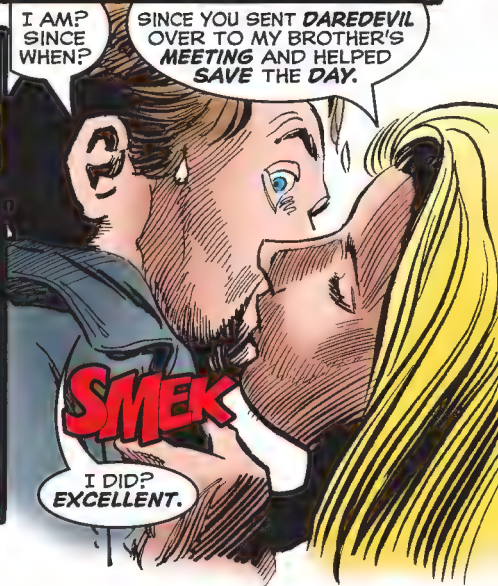
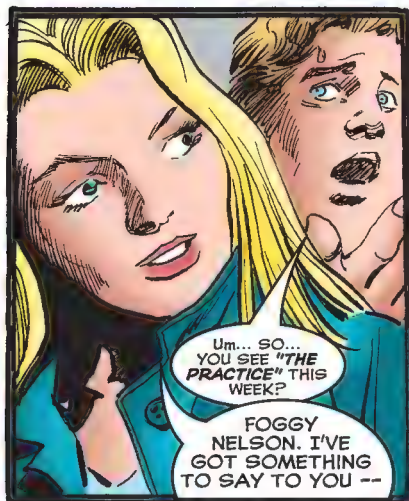
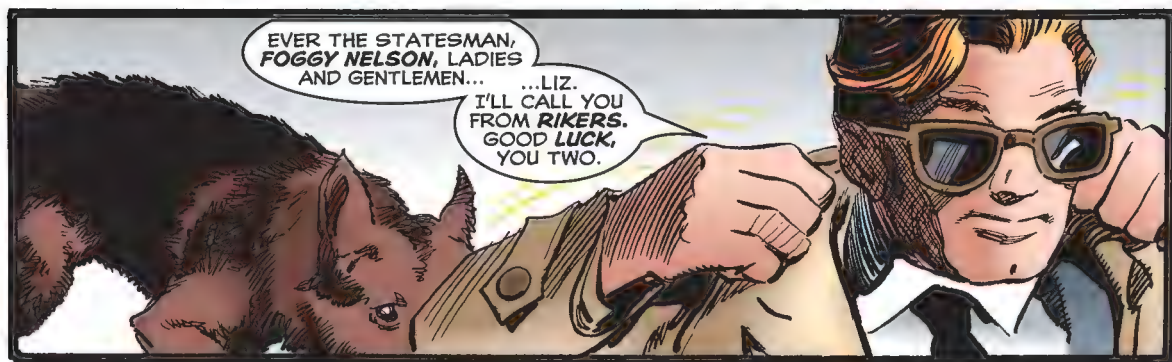
LIZ, FEAR HAS MADE A CAREER OF MANIPULATING POOR KIDS LIKE VINNIE, BUT HIS **HOOKS** ONLY REACH SO FAR.

I **PROMISE** YOU THAT IF THERE'S A WAY TO GET THROUGH TO VINNIE AND DRAW THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM...



...I AM NOT GOING TO **REST** UNTIL I FIND IT.

THANK YOU, MATT... I KNOW YOU'LL CLEAR HIS NAME...





YOU WANNA GO
SOMEWHERE AND...
CATCH UP?

YEAH...
I'D LIKE
THAT, LIZ...
I'D LIKE IT
A LOT.

RING
RING

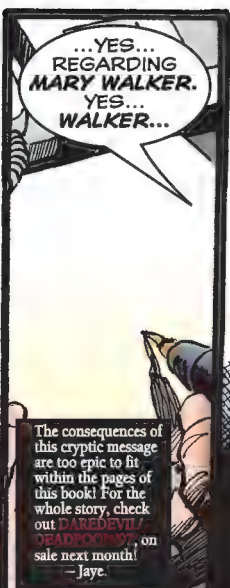


SHARPE, NELSON
AND --

-- YES, SIR,
YOU JUST
MISSED Mr.
MURDOCK.,
BUT...

...AN
EMERGENCY?
OF COURSE...

...YES, SIR,
I MYSELF WILL SEE
THAT Mr. **MURDOCK**
GETS THE MESSAGE
PERSONALLY...



...YES...
REGARDING
MARY WALKER.
YES...
WALKER...

The consequences of
this cryptic message
are too epic to fit
within the pages of
this book! For the
whole story, check
out **DAREDEVIL/**
DEADPOOL7, on
sale next month!
- Jaye



EVERYTHING ABOUT **RIKER'S**
ISLAND SETS MY SENSES
INTO A **TAILSPIN**.

THE REEK OF ANTISEPTIC
SOAP AND DELOUSING
AGENTS AND TOO MANY
BODIES **MUGS** MY NOSE.

VINCENT.

STALE FLAVOR OF PERSPIRATION
COMBINED WITH NICOTINE -- THE
TASTE OF EVERY **DIVE BAR** I'VE
EVER FOUND A **BODY** IN.

THE WHOLE PLACE
MAKES ME SICK...

I WANT
TO HELP
YOU.

NOTHING.
NOT A
TWITCH.

VINNIE'S
HEARTBEAT IS
ERRATIC, AND HIS
SWEAT CARRIES A
TRACE OF
AMMONIA...

...HIS BODY
IS REJECTING
SOMETHING
THROUGH THE
SKIN... THE
REMNANTS OF
FEAR
GAS...

...HAVE
TO GET
THROUGH
TO HIM
SOMEHOW...

...VINNIE,
I'M HERE TO
HELP YOU.
VINNIE...

...YOUR
WIFE AND
DAUGHTER
MISS
YOU.

M-MY
WIFE?
I --

-- I
DON'T
HAVE A
FAMILY.

I
CAN'T HAVE
A FAMILY... I
DON'T DESERVE
ONE... ³GASP²
Oh GOD.

A-ALL I
HAVE... M-MEANS
NOTHING... N-NOTHING
BUT THE TRUTH...
YES... YES... I'LL
BE GOOD...

HIS VOICE... SO
DISTANT... ALMOST AS
IF HE'S NOT SPEAKING
TO ME...
HIS PULSE JUST
SPED UP... SHALLOW
BREATHING...
COULD HE BE
HALLUCINATING?

THE
T-TRUTH...
THAT... T-THAT
MR. FEAR PAID ME
TO DO WHAT I
DID. I W-WORK
FOR FEAR...

THEY
MISS YOU,
VINNIE. THEY
WANT YOU TO
COME
HOME.

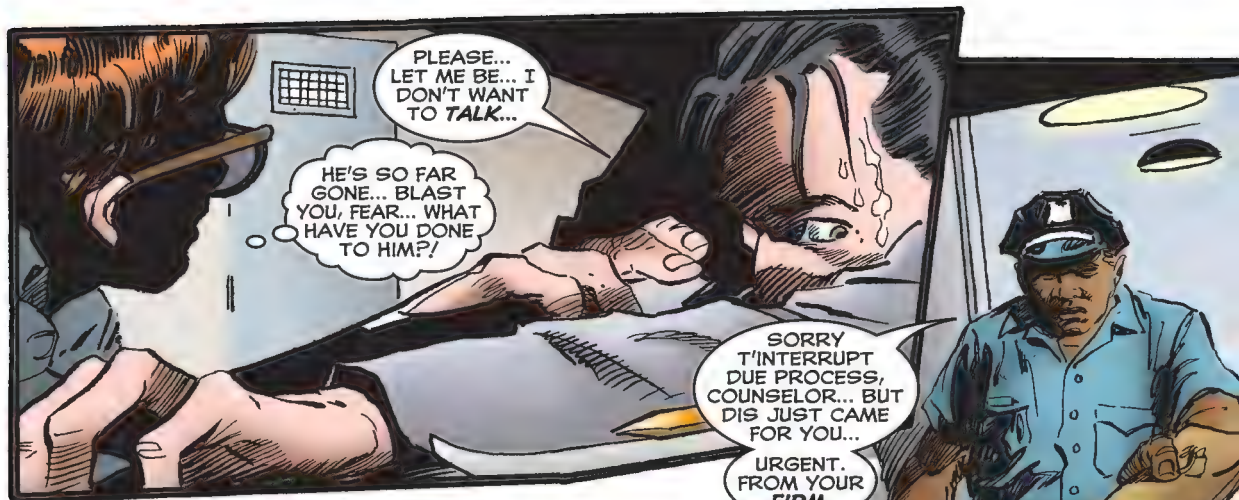
THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
VINNIE. WE
BOTH
KNOW --

FEAR
IS
GOD.

VINCENT!
IF YOU WORK
WITH ME, I CAN
PROTECT ALL
THREE OF
YOU --

FEAR
CONTROLS
EVERYTHING.
KNOWS EVERYTHING.
HEARS EVERY-
THING.

FEAR
IS GOD. I
SERVE HIM...
FOREVER...



PLEASE...
LET ME BE... I
DON'T WANT
TO TALK...

HE'S SO FAR
GONE... BLAST
YOU, FEAR... WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
TO HIM?

SORRY
T'INTERRUPT
DUE PROCESS,
COUNSELOR... BUT
DIS JUST CAME
FOR YOU...

URGENT.
FROM YOUR
FIRM.



THIS
PACKAGE... THE
WEIGHT... THE
SHAPE... IT
CAN'T BE!

HE'S GOD...
HE CAN DO
ANYTHING... GO
ANYWHERE... HE
KNOWS EVERY-
THING.

IT'S
MY BILLY
CLUB!

INSOMNIA
STOLE IT FROM
DAREDEVIL WHEN
WE FOUGHT! BUT
IF SOMEONE
SENT IT TO MATT
MURDOCK, THAT
MEANS --

FEAR
KNOWS
EVERY-
THING.

EEEEEOOOO
EEOOO



WHAT'S
THAT?

HE'S
HERE.



IN AN INSTANT...

...THE DAY'S
SILENCE...

...IS
PAINFULLY...

...DEFINITELY...

...BROKEN.

RIOT.



IT ALL
HAPPENED
SO FAST!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
IN THERE,
CONTROL?!

IT'S
LIKE ALL
OF THE CELL-
LOCKS WERE
DISENGAGED
AT ONCE!

OF
COURSE
THEY
WERE...



DO YOU
HONESTLY
THINK
THIS SORT OF
THING HAPPENS
MIRACULOUSLY?

HA
HA
HA

WHO
IS THAT!
WHERE -- NO!
NOOO!
...



NERVOUS YET,
MURDOCK?

YES...
I CAN FEEL
IT, BEHIND THE
CONSERVATIVE
MASK, YOU
TREMBLE...

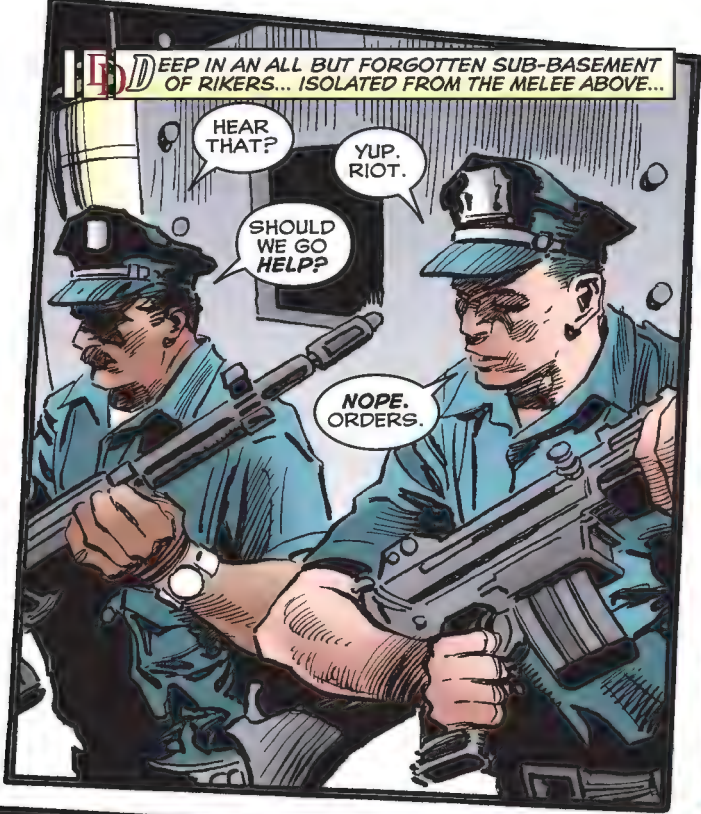
YOU
KNOW I COME
HERE FOR
YOU...

BUT
STEW A FEW
MOMENTS
MORE...



WHILE I
ATTEND TO OTHER
MATTERS OF
SURVEILLANCE...

AND
AFFAIRS OF
TERROR!



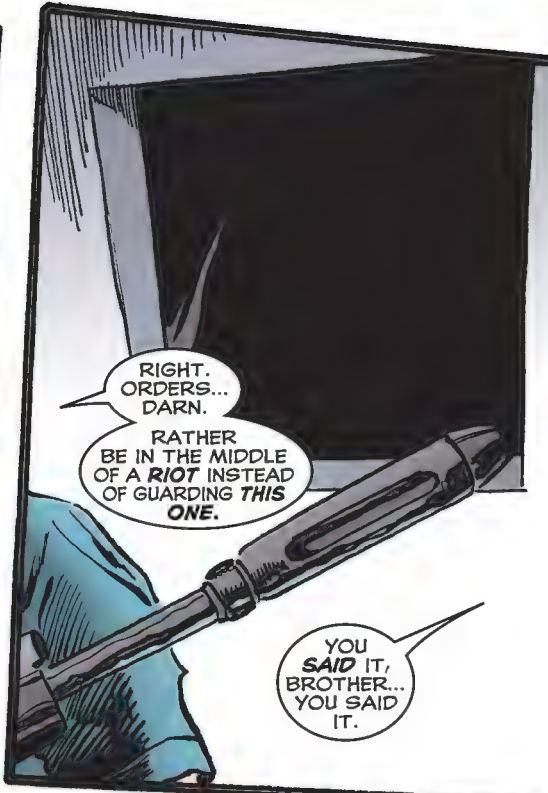
DEEP IN AN ALL BUT FORGOTTEN SUB-BASEMENT OF RIKERS... ISOLATED FROM THE MELEE ABOVE...

HEAR THAT?

YUP. RIOT.

SHOULD WE GO HELP?

NOPE. ORDERS.



RIGHT. ORDERS... DARN.

RATHER BE IN THE MIDDLE OF A RIOT INSTEAD OF GUARDING THIS ONE.

YOU SAID IT, BROTHER... YOU SAID IT.

MEANWHILE, TOPSIDE...



LISTEN, GENTLEMEN... DRINK IN THE CACOPHONY OF CHAOS... ADRENALINE... DEATH!

BUT ALAS... THERE IS NO CONTROL HERE. NO ART TO THE PIECE...



LET US
BRING MUSIC TO
THE SAVAGES...
GENTLEMEN?

"FOR MONTHS I'VE
WADED THROUGH
BOTCHED ATTEMPTS
TO SECURE THESE
LETHAL COMPONENTS,
AND FINALLY, THE
TIME IS AT HAND...

FWOOSH

"TO UNLEASH ENOUGH
MIND-DISTORTING
FEAR GAS TO PUT AN
ENTIRE COMMUNITY
UNDER MY THRALL!"

COME
TO ME, MY
BRASH AND
BRAZEN
CHILDREN!

FIND
ME... YOUR
NEW LIFE...
YOUR NEW
GOD!

FIND
MR. FEAR!
AND DO MY
BIDDING!



WHAT'S THE
PROCEDURE,
OFFICER --

WE'LL
J-JUST STAY
HERE, MR.
MURDOCK,
WHERE IT'S
SAFE...

...I'M A
YEAR AWAY
FROM MY PENSION.
WE'LL JUST WAIT
THIS OUT.



THIS IS NO GOOD.
I NEED TO **CHANGE** TO
DD AND SEE HOW
I CAN HELP...

...BUT
BETWEEN
THE GUARD
AND VINNIE...



SORRY OLD
CHAP... TIME FOR
A **NAPPIE**...
...JUST
A TAP TO THE
CAROTID ARTERY
TO TEMPORARILY
INTERRUPT BLOOD
FLOW TO THE
BRAIN...

UNGHH!



...HE'LL THINK
HE PASSED
OUT FROM THE
STRESS...

...HE'S
STRONG, NO
HARM DONE.
SECRET IDENTITY
INTACT. AND
VINNIE...

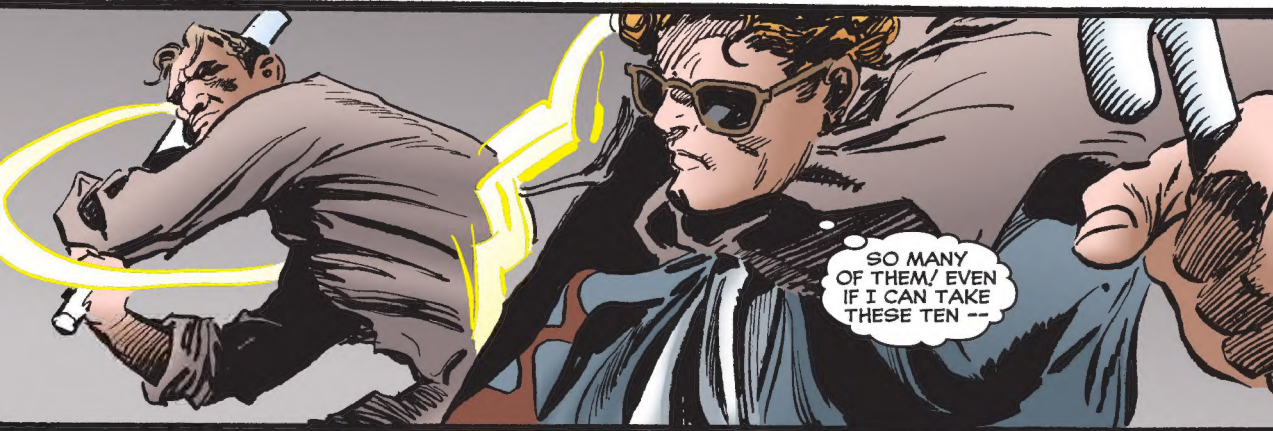
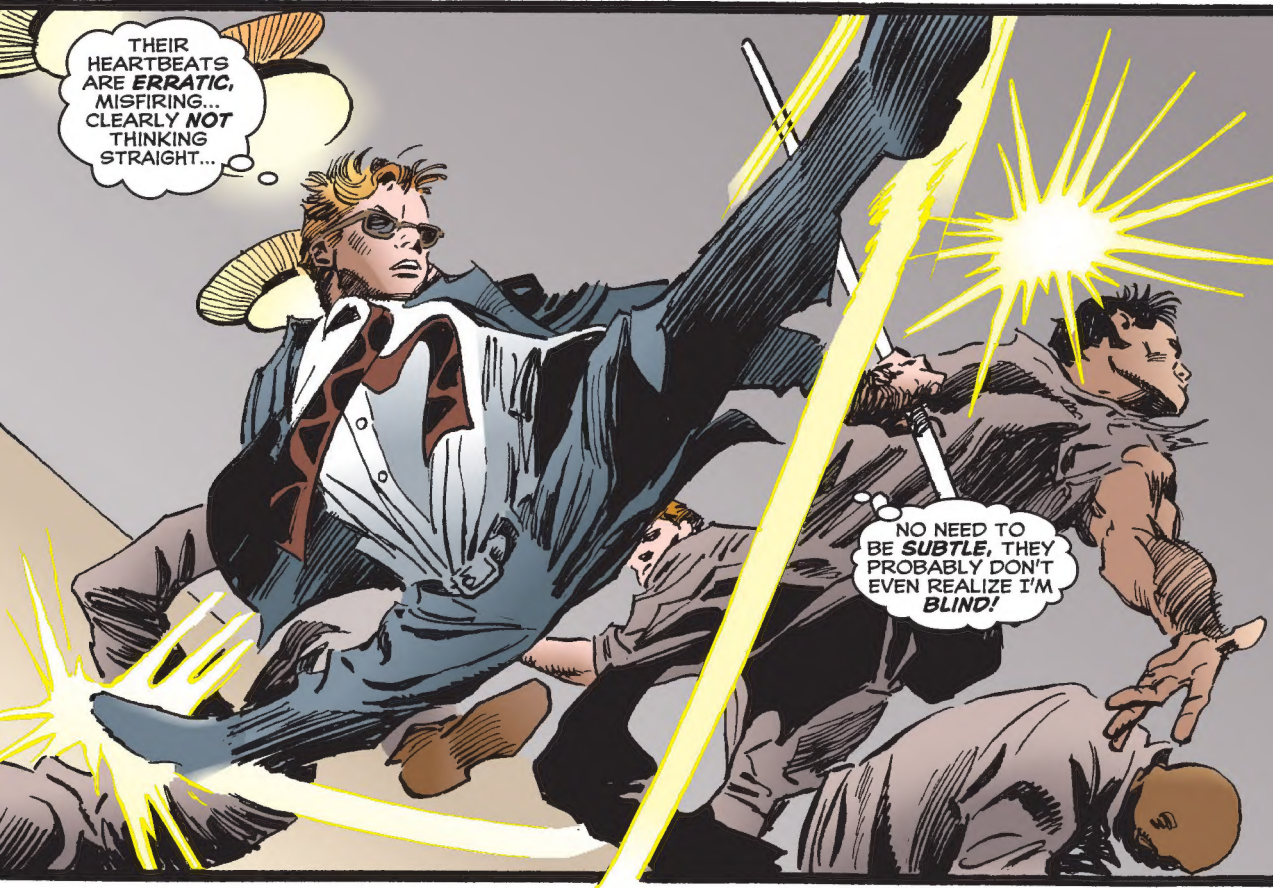
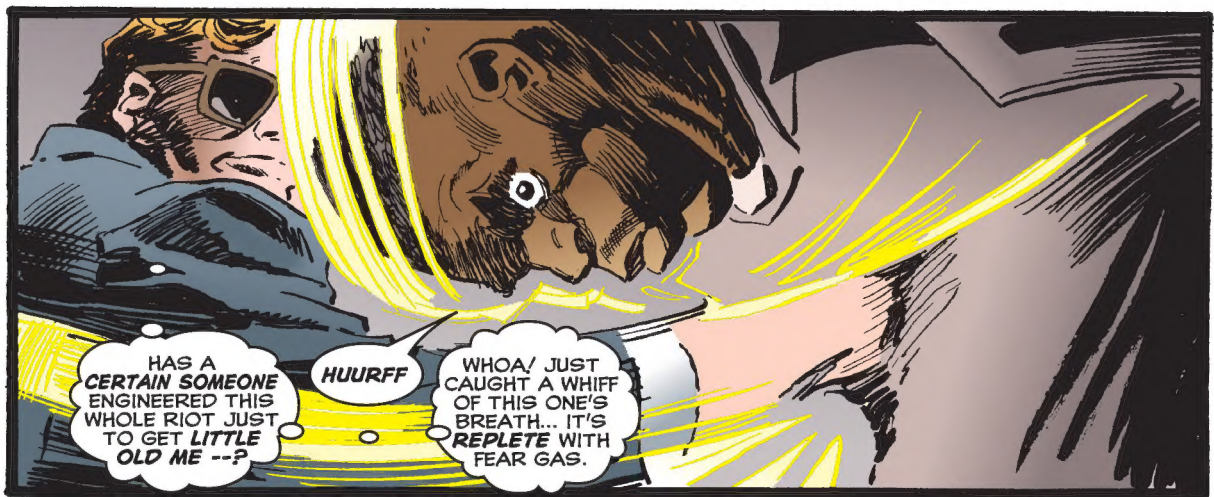
...HE'S TOO
WHACKED OUT
TO EVEN REALIZE
I'M **GONE**. I'LL BE
BACK FOR YOU,
PAL...

...FIRST TO
SLIP OUT OF THE
MONKEY SUIT...
Uh-oh. THIS CAN'T
BE GOOD.



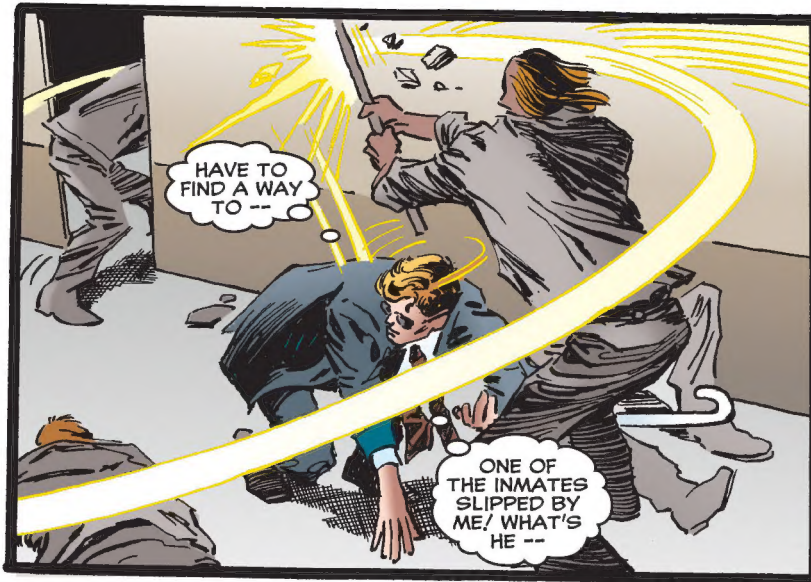
THE
LAWYER!
THAT'S THE ONE
OUR MASTER
WANTS! GET
HIM!

GIVEN THE INFO I GATHER
THROUGH MY **RADAR SENSE**,
I FIGURE THESE GUYS AREN'T
FROM THE **BAR ASSOCIATION**...



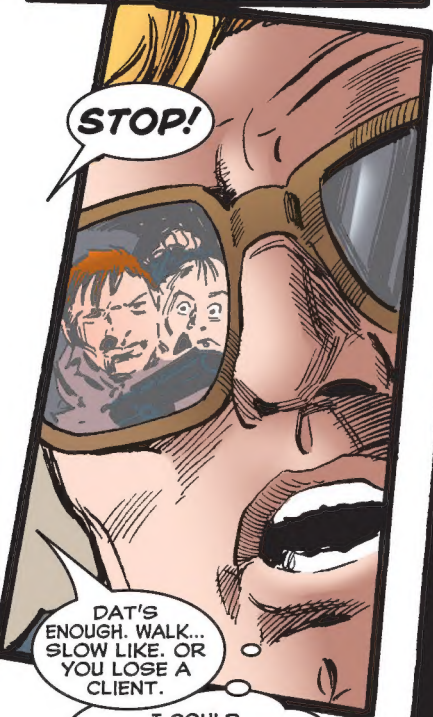


-- THERE'S A WHOLE **PRISON** OF Gassed up inmates left! NOT TO MENTION FEAR **HIMSELF!**



HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO --

ONE OF THE INMATES SLIPPED BY ME! WHAT'S HE --

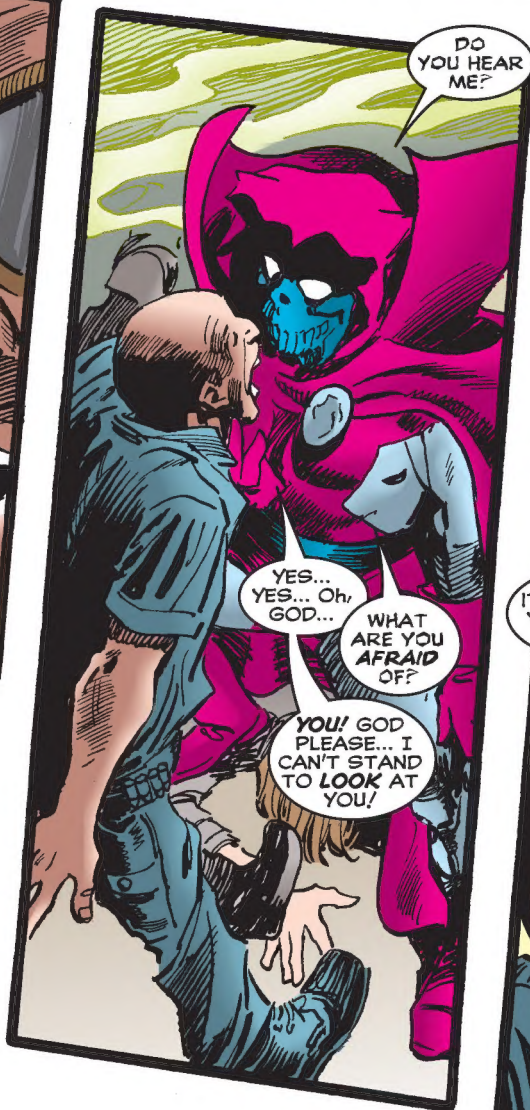


STOP!

DAT'S ENOUGH. WALK... SLOW LIKE. OR YOU LOSE A CLIENT.

I COULD PROBABLY **KNOCK** THE GUARD'S GUN OUT OF HIS HAND, BUT HIGH ON **FEAR GAS**, THESE MEN ARE SO UNPREDICTABLE...

FINE, TAKE ME TO YOUR **LEADER.**



DO YOU HEAR ME?

YES... YES... Oh, GOD...

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

YOU! GOD PLEASE... I CAN'T STAND TO **LOOK** AT YOU!



VERY WELL, THEN... IF MY **VISAGE** SENDS SUCH CHILLS DOWN YOUR SPINE...

THEN PERHAPS WE SHOULD MAKE IT GO AWAY... **PERMANENTLY.**

MAKE IT GO AWAY... YES... DO IT... **ANYTHING.**

MASTER!



Mr. MURDOCK... **WELCOME!**
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO KILL
SOME... **TIME...** UNTIL
YOUR ARRIVAL...

BUT
THE GUEST
OF HONOR
HAS
ARRIVED... THE
FESTIVITIES
CAN BEGIN!

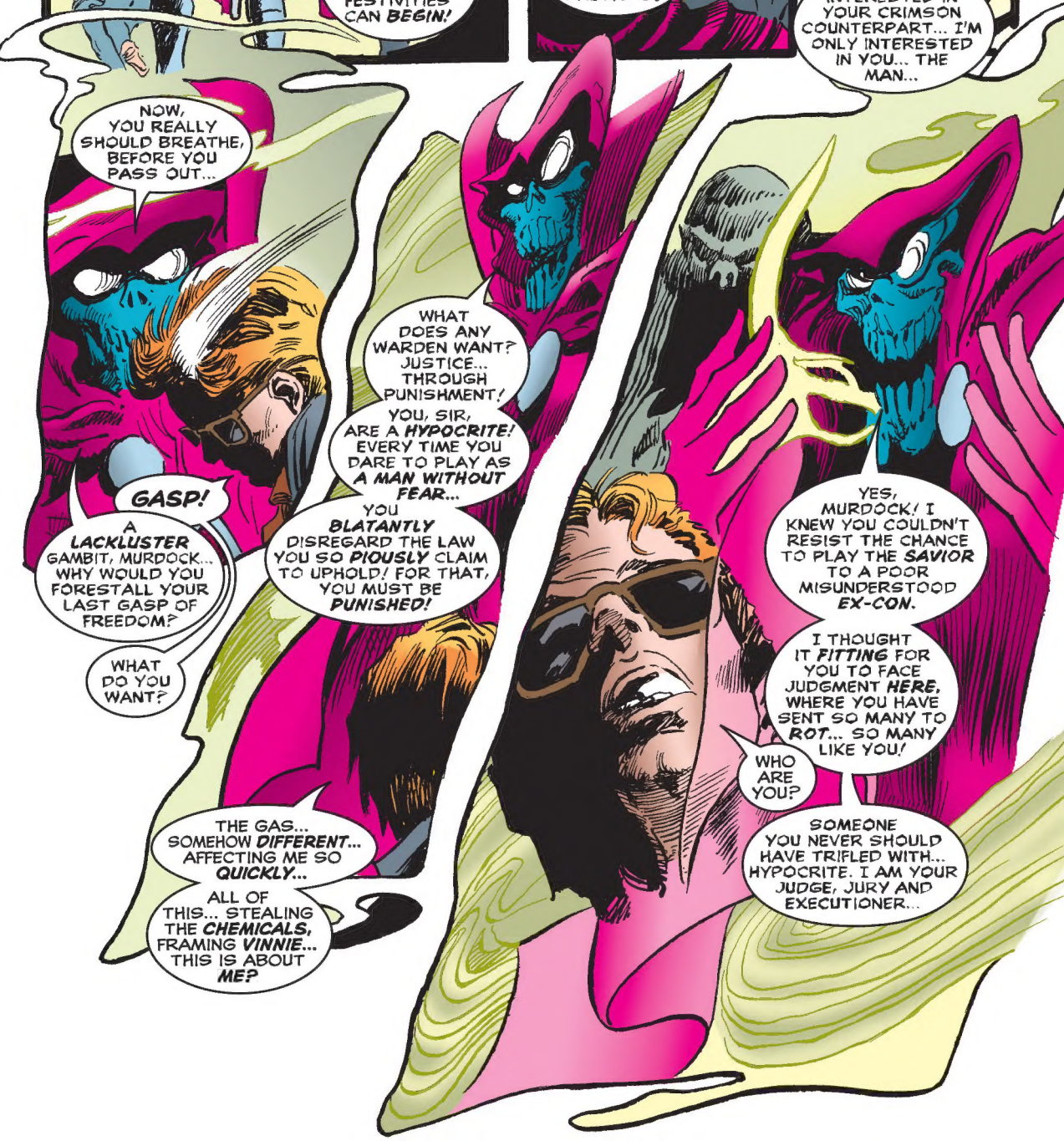


Ah! A
LAST SCOWL
OF DEFIANCE!
PRECIOUS!



BETWEEN US, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT YOUR
LITTLE **SECRET**, Mr.
MURDOCK.

I'M NOT
INTERESTED IN
YOUR CRIMSON
COUNTERPART... I'M
ONLY INTERESTED
IN YOU... THE
MAN...



NOW,
YOU REALLY
SHOULD BREATHE,
BEFORE YOU
PASS OUT...

GASP!

A
LACKLUSTER
GAMBIT, MURDOCK...
WHY WOULD YOU
FORESTALL YOUR
LAST GASP OF
FREEDOM?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

WHAT
DOES ANY
WARDEN WANT?
JUSTICE...
THROUGH
PUNISHMENT!
YOU, SIR,
ARE A **HYPOCRITE!**
EVERY TIME YOU
DARE TO PLAY AS
A MAN WITHOUT
FEAR...

YOU
BLATANTLY
DISREGARD THE LAW
YOU SO **PIOUSLY** CLAIM
TO UPHOLD! FOR THAT,
YOU MUST BE
PUNISHED!

THE GAS...
SOMEHOW **DIFFERENT...**
AFFECTING ME SO
QUICKLY...

ALL OF
THIS... STEALING
THE **CHEMICALS**,
FRAMING **VINNIE**...
THIS IS ABOUT
ME?

YES,
MURDOCK! I
KNEW YOU COULDN'T
RESIST THE CHANCE
TO PLAY THE **SAVIOR**
TO A POOR
MISUNDERSTOOD
EX-CON.

I THOUGHT
IT **FITTING** FOR
YOU TO FACE
JUDGMENT **HERE**,
WHERE YOU HAVE
SENT SO MANY TO
ROT... SO MANY
LIKE YOU!

WHO
ARE
YOU?

SOMEONE
YOU NEVER SHOULD
HAVE TRIFLED WITH...
HYPOCRITE. I AM YOUR
JUDGE, JURY AND
EXECUTIONER...

"ACTUALLY I *LIED*...
THIS IS YOUR
EXECUTIONER!"

"GLADIATOR!"
THE ACCUSED HAS BEEN
FOUND GUILTY! THE
SENTENCE... SLOW...
AGONIZING... DEATH!"



CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE!